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*From Professor Dammann
Jan. 5, 1892*

BOHEMIAN
LEGENDS AND BALLADS

BY

F. P. KOPTA.

SCHÜTTEHOFEN. — A. JANSKY.

1890.

BOHEMIAN

58532

LEGENDS AND BALLADS

BY

Lora
F. P. KOPTA.
=

SCHÜTTEHOFEN. — A. JANSKY.

1890.

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Bohemia
Schutterhofen May 10th
1890

Michigan University!

The author of Bohemian
Legends and Ballads, would like
to correspond with anyone who
takes an interest in Slavonian
languages & literature. The address is.

F. P. Kopta

Care of Prof. Vaclav Kopta

Podmok. Post Sušice

Bohemia

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

VOJTA NAPRSTEK ESQ.

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„BOHEMIA.“

1.

Bohemia! land of far renown,
Well known in the days of old.
From out thy villages and towns,
Came forth thy stalwart sons and bold.
To fight for freedom, and for God,
Not caring if they bled or died.
If they won liberty to laud,
God on their native mountain side.

2.

Bohemia! that so many years,
Sent out the learned of the earth.
Bohemia, that with many tears,
Passed through the Scriptures second birth.
Thy children now in historys page,
Read thy loved name with beating heart.
In vain thy enemies they rage,
They cannot dim thy glorious part.

3.

Bohemia! from thy mountains wild,
God called His martyrs for the truth.
Fiery Jerome and Hus, „The Mild,“
Here wandered in these days of youth.
Here Žižka, with undaunted face,
Though old, and blind, thy warrior son,
Left traces one can not efface,
Until with history one is done.

4.

Bohemia! there is not an art,
In which thy sons have not excelled.
Thy wares were sold in every mart,
And praise, from enemies compelled.
Now Brožík, with a painters skill,
From history has awaked the dead.
Bohemia, thou hast great men still,
Nor are thy days of glory fled.

5.

Thy poets too, have sung thy praise,
In verses that shall never die,
In many lands one hears the lays,
From Dvořák like a homeward sigh.
Palacky with a lovers zeal,
Was writ thy history, great in fame.
Tomek, has made us know, and feel,
Though changed, that Prague is still the same.

6.

Brave land, so crushed that still can live,
And teach thy sons the way to fame.
Strong land that still has strength to give,
Men that no enemy can tame.
Thy sons have wandered far and wide,
One finds them scattered in all lands.
In forests where the black bears hide,
And amidst Afries burning sand.

7.

Bohemia! thou hast been my home,
And I will sing thy praises still.
Wherever tis my fate to roam,
No other land thy place shall fill.
Memory, shall wander back at will,
Amidst thy forests and thy fields.
And I shall see each well known hill,
And listen to the echoes peals.

8.

Bohemia! be thou blest of God —

May He uphold thee in His strength.

May all thy children learn to laud,

Their fathers God, throughout thy length.

Forget not, how your fathers fought —

For what they lived — for what they died.

Remember what your fathers taught,

And hold to it whate'er betides.

JOHN HUS.

1.

Oh mother earth this son of thine,
Was worthy of the highest place.
And though his ashes in the Rhine,
Were thrown, he lives still in his race.
Oh dauntless soul that spoke the truth,
When all the world in darkness slept.
Bohemias martyred son in sooth,
Blanched not, though friends around him wept.

2.

„Whom should I fear? The Emperors pass,
Promises liberty and peace.“
But still his friends said „O alas —
We much misgive us of that peace.“
„Whom should I fear then? Those who kill,
The body, but have no more power,
Over the soul that triumphs still,
And conquers in the dying hour.“

3.

„Nay weep not I must go from hence,
I must speak out the words of God.
I must make out my own defence,
And prove it by the word of God.
I will come back without the blot,
Of heresy upon my name.
Then blessed forsooth will be my lot,
And great indeed Bohemias fame.“

1840

4.

He went in faith — he went in hope —
And prison walls and dungeon cell,
And torture of the chain, and rope,
Were his in that far land as well.
They would not listen to his speech —
Unheard he was condemned to die.
In vain he cried „I do beseech —
Oh listen to me ere I die.“

5.

Worn down by prison and by pain,
Denied a counsellor for his cause.
He called on God to help again,
His servant in the general pause.
He was condemned, they listened not,
To words of his however plain.
What cared those priests for truth I wot —
They scorned him in their proud disdain.

6.

Thy placed the cap upon his brow,
Painted with devils strange and wild.
And tortured him, yes even now —
With gibbs and curse, at which he smiled.
With eyes upturned he prayed to God,
Till his brave voice was hushed for aye.
No greater martyr fled to God,
Then he they burnt upon that day.

7.

They burnt him — yes that spirit high,
Was borne to God, by fiery wings.
Praying for them he rose on high,
Released from all these worldly things.
He has no statue in the land,
Where he was born, and loved so well;
But in the hearts of a small band,
His ever living memory dwells.

8.

Oh mother earth, this son of thine,
Was worthy of the highest place.
Oh yes Bohemia he is thine, .
Born of thy own heroic race.
Oh Christian world he too is thine.
A martyr for the Christian faith,
O God of gods he now is thine,
Who died for Thee, and in Thy faith.

TO THE MEMORY
OF THE 47 PATRIOTS EXECUTED
AFTER THE BATTLE
OF BILA-HORA JUNI 21. 1621.

FROM A CHRONICLE PUBLISHED IN AMSTERDAM 1621.

1.

It was all over now, all over now —
The battle had been fought, and sadly lost,
The battle of the Bila-Hora lost;
And with it died, all freedom and all hope.
From henceforth torture, and the hangmans rope.
Should rule, united with the Jesuit power,
To make the poor Bohemians rue the hour,
They dared to listen to the Holy Word;
On gaze upon His face, whom prophets heard,
Pronounced to be the very Son of God.
Let there be silence now — or those who laud,
Pray to the Virgin, or the Blessed saints,
Or sink in torture, till the body faints,
Broken, and torn, and lets the soul escape.
Yea like a bird caught in a trap escape.
Ah me that year of sixteen twenty-one,
Saw many an evil, bloody work well done.
The death of those who were the noblest born —
A country ruined, and a land forlorn,
A noble people made a tyrants slave,
And their faith hidden in a martyrs grave,
While priestly darkness, filled the land like night,

2.

It was all over now, all over now —
And crushed, and torn, the poor Bohemian land,
Lay down to die, amidst the conquerers band,
While all her noblest sons, were called to die;
And thanks be unto God, without a sigh,
They left this world, for better homes on high.
Tis said the Emperor Ferdinand had qualmes —
Perhaps he knew that death would place the palmes,
Of martyrdom upon those fearless souls and true.
Who preferred death to lives of bitter rue.
Howe'er it be, he passed a restless night,
Tossing and fuming till the dawn of light,
And then he turned him, to his ghostly shade,
Father Lamermain, as one half afraid,
And questioned him, if he could do this thing,
„Without hurt to his conscience, or a sting,
Of self remorse he could condemn to die,
These men? To which the Jesuit made reply,
„He was the king, and could do as he willed,
And so he signed the warrent, his mind filled,
With the great things a king alone can do.

3.

It was the twenty first of June, the sun,
Rose in its splendour, shining on the land,
And on their faces who would soon have done,
With earthly things, that poor devoted band.
Many were there who in the bygone days,
Had stood before the throne in royal state.
Many were there, who trod in learnings ways,
Whom God had chosen for a martyrs fate.
One gazing out upon the rising sun,
Beheld a rainbow shining in the sky.
Called to his brethren „See our faith hath won,
A sign from Heaven; God will see us die,

And from the scaffold we will go the Him,
Who is alone, the only Truth and Way.“
And on their knees they fell and prayed to Him,
Whom they should see this very blessed day.
Tis sad to think they could not even pray,
In peace, but pestered by the Jesuit band,
Their last farewells, they could not even say,
And this my friends, was by the kings command.
At length the cannons from the Výchhrad,
Began to fire, that the hour was near.
And meekly praying, that Gods staff, and rod,
Might be their stay, they bid each other „cheer“.
Yea with calm voice, they said „O brothers ours,
Ye enter first, the Paradise of God,
But we will follow in a few more hours,
O tell our Father that His name we laud.“
And those who went to death said „Have no care,
Gods holy angels will be sent to show,
Your souls, the way to God, and we shall wear,
The wedding garments ere the sun be low.“
The first to die had been a mighty lord,
Joachim Andreas Szlik, Count of Bazan.
Ah me, ah me, that fearless soul had soared,
With love of country, and the Count Bazan,
As patriot and heretic must die —
And his brave hands be nailed up as a sign,
That henceforth none should ever question why,
Their rulers voice came from across the Rhine.
He gazed upon the shining sun and said,
„Leave me in peace (to Jesuit priests that came,
To torture his brave soul before it fled)
The sun of Righteousness shall rise the same,
In Gods good time, to scatter from our land,
The shadows of this world. We will be free.“
And then he knelt upon the wooden stand,
And prayed to God that everyone could see.

And it is said a radiance not its own,
Shone in his face, as there he knelt to pray.
And from the scaffold, to a golden throne,
The count of Bazan, passed this summer day.
The next to die, had walked in learnings ways,
Wenzel Budowa, well known throughout the world,
For learned books, that sought from out the maze.
Of darkness, still Gods banner to unfurl.
Twas he who said, with voice that knew no fear,
„I'd rather die, then see my country die.
And ye have longed so for our butchery here,
I fain would satisfy you — see me die.“
To which the monks replied „They fain would show,
An erring soul the way to Heavens gate.“
Then smilingly he told them „Is that so?
Then answer quickly ere it be too late.“
With many questions from the Holy Word,
He plied their ears, unwilling of the truth,
And when they could not answer „I have heard,
That ye he asses, now I know tis true.“
When called to die he said „O my white hair
What honour hath God had in store for thee.
The crown of martyrdom ye soon shall wear,
An endless bliss is mine, I go to Thee.“
Then kneeling down, he prayed unto his God,
Prayed for his country, and for those who sent,
His spirit to that kingdom where all laud,
And bowing down his head, to God he wend.
The next to die, was Harant full of woe,
Not at his death, but that the priests would take,
His children in their care, when he was low,
And they their fathers faith, must needs forsake.
Perhaps the saddest sight was to behold,
Poor Kapliř, with his crutches go to death.
And in a touching story we are told,
How the old man prepared himself for death.

The Pastor Rosacius, who scorned to live
And see his brothers die tells how he went,
And found him in his cell, prepared to give,
With radiant joy his body old and bent.
Long I have prayed the Lord the old man said,
To take me from this world of sorrow sore.
And lo! He heard me not, I must be led,
To feel some pangs our Blessed Saviour bore.
It was His will that with my ninty years,
I should go from the scaffold to the throne —
Leave all this misery, all these bitter tears,
And be at rest forever, God alone,
Knows in my heart I have no sinful thought,
Nor ever had, gainst the dear laud I love.
Dear Master, in the faith that you have taught,
I die, and we shall meet above.
And as he stood and waited for the call,
Upon his crutehes, with his white heat bent,
In prayer for the souls that unappalled,
With fearless faces, to the scaffold went
They held him out a pardon. „Would he say,
That he had erred, and thereby save his life?“
But sternly the old man said „Go your way,
Ye devilish tempters, that but seek out shife.
Heaven breaks upon my view, should earth awake,
One vain regret, Nay I am glad to die,
A martyr, for my land, and my faiths sake.
Christ will reward me, tis to Him I fly.“
Then slowly walking to the fatal block,
The brave old man knelt down upon the floor.
„O Lord my God, Thon art a very rock,
In times of trouble. Christ be Thou the door,
Through which I enter on the life divine“.
The executioner paused, he could not strike,
That bowed white head, although the given sign,
Was given by the judges all alike,

So then a priest came up and said „My lord,
In your own way you have called on your God —
I pray you, raise your head on high, my lord,
One moment more and you are with your God.“
Smiling he raised his head, and it was so.
Ah me, ah me, my heart is sad to think,
Of all the fearless souls that were laid low.
And sometimes as I pasing stand and think,
In the old city square, I seem to see,
The scaffold, and the drummers standing round,
And the vast multitude of people like a sea,
Rising now here, now there, with a dull sound.
Of cursing on the scene that they behold,
And prayers for the ones about to die.
And curses on the soldiers over bold,
That only laughed, to hear the people sigh.
And with a start I wake to see the square,
Silent and lonely in the midday sun.
No matter, honour be to those who dare,
Die unto God, although their days be done.
For their remembrance shall like scattered seed,
Bloom into flowers in some far off day,
And they with joy unutterable shall lead,
Their followers unto Him who in the way.
And He with gracious voice shall say „Well done,
Ye faithful servants, enter in the joy,
That was prepared for you before the sun,
Enter the peace now, that knows no alloy.

„A HUSSITE SONG.“

ATTRIBUTED TO JOHN ŽIŽKA, TRANSLATED FROM THE
BOHEMIAN.

1.

You who are the champions of God,
And of His law.
Pray Him to assist you, and laud,
Him and His law.
So shall yo conquer through God,
And be victorious.

2.

Our Lord has told us not to fear,
Those who can kill,
The body, but keep Him near,
And fight with will.
Fight valiantly then with no fear,
And make strong your hearts.

3.

Christ will repay thee hundred fold —
For He has said.
„Who dies for me, and in my fold,
To happy dead.
For him shall open joys untold —
And life eternal.

4.

So archers, and lancers, and all,
Ye warlike men.
Hallebards, and ye that appal,
The hearts of men.
Remember all, ye warriors tall,
Gods loving kindness.

5.

E'ne if the enemy be strong —
Still do not fear.
Let Gods word be your battle song,
Know He in near.
Fly not, but fight the battle long,
Better death then flight.

6.

In the old time they used te say,
With a good lord.
The expedition would make way,
And with his lord,
His servant would be great one day.
This remember all.

7.

Ye waggoners, and fiery youth,
Think of your souls.
Risk not your lives for things forsooth —
For wealth untold.
Fight not for plunder, but the truth,
The truth of your God.

8.

Remember the words of command,
You have been told.
Obey your leaders voice and hand,
And be ye bold.
Keep your own places in the band,
Without disorder,

9.

Then joyfully call out, and shout,
The enemy —
With Gods aid, we will smely rout,
Our enemy.
God is our Lord, be that our shout,
Kill, kill, no quarters.

„KRY SPEKS GOBLET“

ADOPTED FROM THE BOHEMIAN.

1.

In Kralovicich, two hundred years,
The family of Kryspekú sleep.
Within the family vault they lie,
And none can wake their slumbers deep.
O listen to their banquet dread,
For sure upon this earth tis said,
There never was a sadder meal,
Come listen to their bitter weal.

2.

When the Bila-Hora battle,
Spite of all valour had been lost.
And the poor Bohemian country,
Had to give it self up for lost,
Then the hangmans business flourished,
And the ground with blood was nourished.
From the battle now lost for aye,
Came Kryspekús men one sad day.

3.

Long before the war now raging,
Jitkas beauty had minstrels sung.
Every virtue had the maiden,
And praised she was by every tongue.
Seventeen summers had she wandered,
In the Castle hall, and pondered,
While the striplings from far and wide,
In useless longing, for her sighed.

4.

From far and wide they came to woe,
 The castle Kacerov was sought,
 By noblest youths, who wished to wed,
 The beautiful maiden, so will taught.
 But only one a noble youth —
 Boreš whose words, were words of truth,
 Found favour in the maidens sight,
 He was a brave, and goodly knight.

5.

The marriage day, was fixed and came —
 It should have been their wedding eve.
 When all at once the trumpets sound,
 Called on the warrior youths to leave,
 These pleasures, and to go to war —
 The enemy was at the door.
 Brave Boreš with his soldiers few,
 Joined Šlik, and Budowa, „The true“.

6.

The enemy was stronger far —
 The poor Bohemians lost the day.
 Their homes were sacked, their lives were lost.
 The noblest did the conquerer slay.
 But midst it all the Kryspek race,
 Lived all forgotten on their place.
 They even dared to dream that they,
 Were stricken from the list away.

7.

For vengeance with a bloody sword,
 Struck down the noblest of the band.
 And as the blow fell not they thought,
 They had been pardoned out of hand.
 One evening as the Vesper rang,
 Passed through the gate with martial clang
 The noble Boreš wild to see,
 His Jitce, wife that was to be.

9.

„Tomorrow — went from lip to lip,
Tomorrow is the wedding day.
Tomorrow — let us hope no storm,
Of grief, or sorrow, dim the day“.
All things were ready for the feast,
Tomorrow, they would fetch, the priest.
Well pleased they sat them down to sup,
By generous cheer and brimming cup.

9.

The clock struck ten, they were about,
To drink the bride and bride grooms health.
They wished them joy, and a long life —
They wished them happiness and wealth.
When suddenly a trumpets call,
From herald sent, fell like a pall.
And changed their mirth to silence dread,
The herald seeks my lord was said“.

10.

With strange misgivings went the lord,
To meet the stranger in the hall.
All joy from out his heart had fled,
He dreaded news that would appal.
But when he saw the heralds face,
And heard the doom against his race,
He knew that all his fears were true,
The conquers heart, no mercy knew.

11.

Pale like a corpse, he back returned,
Like one who from the grave comes back.
And slowly said with choking voice.
„Our brothers died upon the rack!
The hour of Kryspek doom is near —
Our glory faded — life made drear.
Our mildest punishment, to roam,
Outcasts from country, and from home.“

12.

Then bidding all the servants leave,
 The room, until the dawn of day.
 That not a soul should enter in,
 Nor rouse their slumber till the day.
 „For if we want you, we will ring
 Yea, in the morning, we will ring.“
 And when the servants left the hall,
 He shut the door, and spake to all.

13.

„What is to lose, when land is lost!
 Who loses honour, loseth life.
 What joy shall then my grandchild know,
 In poverty, and daily strife?
 If such a desperate fate is ours,
 To languish but a few more hours —
 To see our country die, and then.
 To die nay let us now be men.“

14.

Here, where my childhoods days were spent.
 Here, where my fathers bones were laid.
 Where I in manhoods strength have lived,
 And wed your mother beautiful maid.
 Where you were born my children dear,
 And loved, and honoured, far and near,
 We must forsake, and wander far,
 In banishment, O evil star. !“

15.

„Our mildest punishment to roam —
 Made beggars in an evil time.
 Banished from every thing we love,
 Made but for every idle rhyme.
 Then dropping poison in his glass,
 He smiling drank, and said alas,
 That I should ask „Who goes to death?“
 „We all, they answered with one breath.“

16.

„We all, they answered with one breath.“
And merrily the goblet went.
From hand, to hand, they passed it on,
And thirteen drank, as on it went.
Father and mother, child and youth,
The bride, and bridegroom, all forsooth,
Drank gladly of the deadly wine.
They praised the cup, they praised the wine.

17.

Twelve o'clock struck, they heard the bell,
Call out to prayer in the night.
They prayed to God in prayers low,
To help them in the deadly fight.
One whispered, then his voice was still,
Another fell, against his will,
But seven lived — the light burnt low,
Then out it went, — they all lay low.

18.

So Kryspek, and his family died,
United in a common death.
The bride, and bridegroom, hand in hand.
Sat by each other cold in death.
Hand clasped in hand around the board,
They found them, but their souls had soared,
Beyond their tyrants little might,
Into the everlasting light.

„DALIBOR.“

A BOHEMIAN LEGEND OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

1.

„What is the meaning of this haste,
And stir, within the castle gate?
What means, these servants standing pale,
These men at armes that silent wait?
And wherefor are these faggots piled —
To burn a sinner, or a saint?
Think you we have forgotten Hus —
Dream you Bohemian hearts are faint?“

2.

„Look, look, upon the winding road,
Come menatarmes in goodly tale.
And down the mountain side they come,
Come streaming in from every vale.
What is the meaning of all this
And wherefore are we called this day?
Lord Dalibor, our mighty lord
It seems has something new to say.“

3.

For whom, these faggots? Say perchance,
To burn our Huses judges on?
Ah, that would be a royal day —
Pile on you fellows, quick pile on.“
„Hush! hush! the heralds trumpet loud,
Our lord stands on the castle wall.“
„A nobler lord was never born,
Shout laud you fellows by the wall.“

4.

And when at length a silence fell,
The noble lord stood forth and spake.
„Bring now the family records old,
And all the things that pride awake.
Bring forth the quarterings, painted fine,
The emblems of my noble race.
And throw them on that burning pile
There let them burn before my face.“

5.

Silent he stood with sad, stern, face,
And watched the flames that rose on high.
„Here I lay low, all worldly pride,
I longue but for my land to die.
Is any here that I have wronged,
Or burdened, in my lordly right,
I beg you to forgive me now —
Let me go blameless in the fight.

6.

The multitude in silence stood,
They watched the mighty flames rise high.
Then all at once their lords voice said,
„O brothers mine, now let us die.
Come let us die, for this our land,
Downtrodden n'eath the German yoke.
Come let us die, for this our faith —
(„Shouts drowned his voice as thus he spake“).

7.

„No earthly flag, but this the Chalice,
Shall lead us on, in battles roar.
I am no noble, but a friend,
Whos right it is to go before.
Take horses, weapons, to your fill —
Come let us march against the foe,
Long live Bohemia, our dear land,
Gods praise we'll sing as forth we go.“

8.

At these brave words a deafning shout,
Came from that multitude of men.
„Long live of brother Dalibor,
The leader of Bohemian men.“
And soon they were upon the plain,
And fearless met the angry foe.
God gave the victory to their hands,
Their enemies were stricken low.

9.

The banner with the Chalice cup,
Was crowned with many a laurel bough.
And day by day their numbers grew —
The Lord of Battles, He knows how,
That the Bohemian nation rose,
Without a fear, to do His will.
They were content for Him to die
And for their land their blood to spill.

10.

The royalists were beaten hard,
They fled before the Hussite band.
Once more one heard the Hussite song;
Resound, through the Bohemian land.
One morning in the distant west,
A warrior came of features cold.
He begged to be allowed to fight,
He said he was a warrior bold.

11.

He said they were a godless set,
Those royalists from where he came.
And offered to show Dalibor,
A way to victory and to fame.
They were to steal, away at night,
Along a path that he would show.
Thus easily the royal band,
They could strike down, with one quick blow.

12.

Alas, alas, that Dalibor,
Did listen to that lying tongue.
Ah me, he led them all to death,
And dungeon cell, as bards have sung.
And Dalibor, was led in chains,
And shut in Hradczins dismal tower,
Oft by the loophole he would sit,
Unconscious of the passing hours.

13.

One day he said, „O jailor mine,
Thou seeist I will soon be dead.
I pray thee by thy fathers ghost,
I pray thee by thy blessed dead.
O give me but a violin,
That I may ease my breaking heart.
It cannot harm thee, jailor mine,
And it will sooth my bitter part.“

14.

The jailor was a kindly man,
He let the prisoner have his way.
And all night long poor Dalibor,
Upon his instrument did play.
Tis said he played with wonderous skill,
From far, and wide the people came.
They used to stand by Hradczins walls,
And speak of Dalibor, and fame.

15.

They listened, and they wept aloud,
They listened, and their blood would boil.
For in that simple song they heard,
The anthem of their native soil.
The mountains caught it, wailing back,
A song so strange they shuddering heard.
The river took it, bore it back,
With a strange murmure that allured.

16.

Each day the crowd became more dense,
To listen to that music wild.
They spoke of country, and of God —
They said the man was good and mild.
One day King Legislas rode by,
He eyed them with a cruel look.
And when at length the cause he knew,
With rage, and wrath, he fairly shook.

17.

He ordered that the violin,
Should broken be on dungeon wall:
And laughingly he went next day,
And sneering said „What can befall?“
But lo! beneath dark Hradczins wall,
The people stand, and listening hear.
The anthem of their native land.
Played by a hand that knows no fear.

18.

Then white with rage the king said „Kill
The man that dares to play that lay.“
And soon the bloody head was seen —
But still the hand unseen did play.
The people with a shuddering dread,
Knoched down the guards and onward rushed.
They only found the broken wood —
The body, from which the blood gushed.

19.

But still the hand unseen dost play,
The anthem of their native land:
And even now by Hradczins walls,
Some say that still a magic hand,
I heard to play, when patriots high,
Beneath the ramparts sadly stray.
Tis said that those who once have heard.
Can n'er forget that haunting lay.

„THE ENCHANTED MAID,“

A BOHEMIAN LEGEND.

1.

The forest leaves were bright and green,
And soft the Zephyr blew.
The mountain peaks, were lost to view,
In clouds of pearly gray,
With happy steps two Checkish boys,
Went singing of their many joys,
As through the wood they went.
They might have been two happy guests,
Upon a wedding bent.

2.

They sang of love, they sang of woe,
With voices high and sweet.
And oft they sang, that life is fleet,
And love as strong as death.
At length the eldest one said „Wait!
Here is a splendid tree that fate,
Has thrown in our way.“
„We'll cut it down and make ourselves,
Two harps this sunny day.“

3.

They set about to cut that tree,
With boyish laughter wild.
And oft they sang, and oft they smiled,
As happily the plied.
But when they reached the inmost heart,
They both fell back as though a dart,
Had struck their own young life.
For their a beautiful maiden stood,
And begged of them her life.

4.

But even as the maiden spoke,
 She shivered and turned pale.
And then she sank with a great wail,
 Upon the emerald grass.
„Tis not your fault, O happy boys,
So full of life, and earthly joys,
 That takes me from this earth.
My mother did enchant me so.
 To keep me from all mirth.“

5.

„I had a lover fair like you,
 And often did we meet.
Ah me, the hours passed so fleet,
 When one is very young.
My mother with her wicked eye,
The soon found out the reason why,
 I would not do her will,
And gather n'eath the moons bright beam,
 The plants that work out ill.“

6.

„And so she turned me to a tree,
 While I stood with my love.
I pray you youths, by Him above,
 To grant me but one boon.
Make harps from out this fallen tree,
And go and tell the world of me —
 And for my mother play.
O play and sing of all my woe,
 That she may rue her day.“

7.

And so she died, that maiden fair,
 Upon the emerald grass.
And the two youths, took up the lass,
 And laid her in the sod.

Then sadly they obeyed her will,
And made them harps with Checkish skill,
 To touch her mothers heart.
And melancholy was the wail,
 Of their new fashioned harp.

8.

Before her mothers house they stoped,
 And struck a solemn strain.
It almost seemed a soul in pain,
 That sang from out their harps.
„O brave young men, I bid you go —
Your song it is too full of woe,
 Like some poor soul in pain.
And still it strikes me that I know,
 That tearful song again.“

9.

The youths they would not leave her side,
 They played with wilder skill.
They sang „O mother take thy fill,
 Of malediction now.“
And never from her human ears,
Was hushed that song, so full of fears,
 Until she dying lay.
And I have heard that devils came.
 And took her soul away.

„THE BRIDE OF HEAVEN,“

A BOHEMIAN BALLADE.

1.

When I used to go and see thee,
Stand, beneath thy window sill.
See I was quite sure beloved one,
That we were one heart one will.
Never did I think beloved one,
We must part, I loving still.

2.

„And the last time that I saw thee,
Weaving a fair myrtle wreath.
I sat watching, never thinking,
Why you did not bind the leaf.
Now I pray thee, loved one till me
Why unfinished is the wreath?“

3.

„I was thinking, thinking sadly —
Thinking as I think to day.
That we cannot wed beloved one,
That our fairwell we must say.
So I left the wreath unfinished,
Left unfinished to this day.

4.

„They would force me to be married,
To a youth I cannot love.
They would drag me to the altar,
Sacrifice me like a dove.
They would force me to be wedded,
To a lad I cannot love.“

5.

„They would force me tho be married,
Though I loath his very sight.
Go yet ready for the wedding,
It will be a merry sight.
Go prepare the wedding banquet,
While I dress my hair aright.“

6.

„Yes they shall prepare the wedding,
In the convent far away.
Come O bridesmaids cut my long locks,
Let me sup with you to day.
Gladly in your silent convent,
I will give my hand away.“

7.

„Come and see me O beloved —
Come and hear me when I sing.
Till that fatal day belovid.
When the black robe they will fling,
Round about my weary shoulders —
On my hand the wedding ring.“

8.

„They will take my white dress from me,
Dress me in the robe of pain.
And the image of my bridegroom,
Now must be my only gain.
Vanish from my sight beloved one.
We must never meet again.“

9.

„The Crucifix is by my side,
The Rosary in my hand.
I raise my weary eyes to Him,
Lord of that heavenly band.
O glorious Bridegroom I am yours,
The wedding ring is on my hand.“

10.

Beyond the convents silent walls,
O never more shall I stray.
No earthly voice shall haunt me more,
When I humbly kneel to pray.
Heavens love will fill my broken heart,
The world will have passed away.“

11.

„Avaunt from me, beloved of earth,
My Bridegroom is in the sky.
Depart from me betrothed on earth,
To Heaven I fain would fly.
O Holy Bridegroom fill my heart,
With your image till I die.“

12.

„Oh vain indeed the love of earth,
To still my poor hearts aching.
Come to me O Thou Crucified,
And keep my heart from breaking.
O take me Lord unto Thy self,
I my vain life for saking.“

13.

She knelt before the Crucifix,
She called on her lover high.
O loved of God, O bridegroom mine,
Be my defence till I die.
My faint heart yearns to see Thy face,
And Thy glory up on high.

14.

The heavenly Bridegroom heard her voice.

He knew her heart was broken.

He said „Thy prayer is heard my bride

This is the promised token.“

A rapture came within her heart —

Men said she died heart broken.

„JOHN, SACRIFICED JOHN“

A BOHEMIAN LEGEND.

ADOPTED FROM THE BOHEMIAN.

1.

Gather round me little laddies,
And ye maidens small,
Listen to my voice and lyre,
Listen children all.
With attention hear my ballad,
Till the tale be done.
Listen tis a wonderous story —
Till my song be done.

2.

In a poor Bohemian village,
Not far from the way.
Even now you see an old well,
Honoured till this day.
Deep within it lies a Church bell,
Hid from mortal eyes.
Never more its voice shall ringing,
Bid us praise the skies.

3.

Only once in the far ages,
Did they hear its voice.
When an old religious woman,
Went their once by choice.
Dipping in its cold clear bosom,
Linen she had spun.
Half drew up the bell that lay there,
Hid from light and sun.

4.

Filled with horror, she fell fainting,
By the old wells side.
And her weak hands left there holding,
And the bell did slide.
With a terrible resounding,
That shook hill and dale.
Back into the old wells darkness,
While its voice did wail.
„John, John, sacrificed John.“

PART SECOND.

1.

With a dark scowl on his forehead,
Homeward rides the Checkish lord.
By his side, the staghounds leading,
Follows John, page to my lord.
Like a thunder cloud his forehead,
And his eyes with anger burn,
For his dearest dog is missing,
And he knows not where to turn.

2.

Three whole days they have been searching,
Wood, and field, and every where.
Usless is their toil and seeking,
And their looking every where.
Sadly with their faces troubled,
Back they turn them to their home.
While their lord with bosom swelling,
Sighs „My dog where do you roam?“

3.

On the road their stands a granny,
Leaning on her crutehes two.
See her head is like an owls head,
And she has but one eye too.

Humpbacked, all her face a wrinkle —
And her hands but skin and bone.
Voice — why like a rook in cawing,
Is the harsh and guttural tone.

4.

„Stop your charger! stop your people!
Listen to my words I say.
Wherefor do you search the forests.
And the meadows all the day?“
„I can tell you of your staghound,
Of the fleet one that you love.
But I must be paid to do it —
I am seeking gain — not love.“

5.

„If you give me your page Johnny —
Hound is yours, to morrow morn —
„Why I want him?“ „O a witch knows,
Human blood, makes flesh new born.
In the stars I see it written,
Johannys blood can make me young.
Human blood can make old women,
Once more beautiful and young.

6.

At these words the wretched stripling,
Felt his heart turn to a stone,
Between fears and hopes he trembles,
Kneels upon the grass alone.
„Mercy, mercy, O loved master.
Listen to my voice I pray,
And the life of a true servant,
Give not for a dog away.“

7.

But his master only heeding,
The strong voice within his heart.
Not the pale and tear stained features,
Hardened unto him his heart.

„Bring the stag hound — bring him granny,
When the day begins to break.
By my faith — without a question,
Then my Johnny you can take.“

PART THIRD.

1.

When the day dawned, at the gateway,
Stood the foul witch, with the hound.
And Johanny looking from the casement,
Saw his death, and not the hound,
„Mercy, mercy, O my master!
Show me mercy — let me live —
Give me not to the foul sorceress,
Let me see the sun and live.“

2.

But his master in his rapture,
Deaf is to the striplings voice.
Witch, and dog, he clasps together —
Orders then a banquet choice.
When the evening shadows lengthen,
Bound with chains they bring the youth.
In a car with dragon horses,
Lost is witch and youth forsooth.

PART FOURTH.

1.

Hardly five weeks was the staghound,
Once more with his lord.
When the dearly bought one sickned,
Died before his lord.
Then his master in a frenzy,
Tore his hair in woe,
But the dog lay dead for all that —
John was lying low.

2.

When at length his pain was duller,
And some days had passed.
Human feeling woke within him,
And he felt at last.
What a sin he had committed,
When he gave the lad.
To the witch and lone and haunted,
Sat he still and sad.

3.

„Johanny — poor devoted Johanny,
Often did he say.
To a fearful death I gave you,
In an evil day.
O nod to me from thy heaven,
That I am forgiven.
O show mercy to me Johanny“
Say I am forgiven.

4.

After that he build a chapel,
Not far from the well.
And a wooden tower also,
With a silver bell.
With a bell of brightest silver,
They were bid to toll.
Every day in rain and sunshine,
For poor Johannys soul.

5.

When they first began their tolling,
For the poor lads soul.
Back they started in wild horror,
Says the legend old.
For it was no bell of silver,
But a human cry.
Echowing in their ears bewildered,
Like a human sigh.
„John, John, sacrificed John.“

PART FIFTH.

1.

And the lord of Kozojedský,
Hearing turned to stone.
Then he tore his rich robes from him,
While his heart did groan.
„Bring me now the hair cloth garments
Of a penitent.
I shall be from henceforth ringer,
Till my life be spent.“

2.

Strange to say the bitter anguish,
And the endless pain.
That had made his life a burden,
Passed away like rain.
And the bell rang out in gladness,
In the morning air,
Rang out like a seraph singing,
In the trembling air.

3.

Once long after from the ringing,
Never home came he.
But they found him by the tower,
From his penance free.
On his face a heavenly rapture,
To the world did say,
That his sins however dreadful,
Had been done away.

PART SIXTH.

1.

Years passed by, war with its horrors,
Broke o' er the Bohemian land.
Down went Chapel, down went tower,
Leveled by the robber band.

Yes the silver bell they wanted,
But Gods will was greater still.
Angel hands were sent to guard it,
In the well it lingered still.

2.

Deep it lies amidst the waters,
And the pebbles of the well.
All around it life is stirring,
As the hunters horn can tell.
But the bell was bound to silence
Till the hour of fate drew near,
And the weak hand of a woman,
Pulled it up, without a fear.

8.

Only half way could she pull it,
But the voice rang, clear and long.
„John, John, John, sacrificed John!“
Ach never more, shall that song,
Be heard of a mortal again,
Though many come to the well,
To water their linen again —
Though many the story tell,
None can say they have heard its voice,
For the bell is hid in the well.
Nevermore to be heard on earth.

* * *

„THE STORY OF A LOST SOUL“

A BOHEMIAN LEGEND.

1.

Across a verdant meadow,
 Who's diamond dew were tears.
Two blessed souls were walking,
 They had not any fears.
And just behind them sighing,
 Came a lost soul in tears.

2.

At length they reached the gateway,
 And knocking at the door.
Stood praying at the threshold,
 To Him whos name they bore.
With radiant faces waiting,
 The opening of that door.

8.

Our Lord said to St. Peter,
 „Who knocks, I pray thee see.“
„Two blessed souls my Saviour,
 Who long Thy face to see.
And a very sinful soul,
 Who fain to Thee would flee.“

4.

„The Lord said, Let them enter,
 Those righteous souls and true.
But show that sinful soul,
 The road that leads to rue.
Where she in eleansing fire,
 Shall mourn her sins, not few.“

5.

That poor soul went lamenting,
And weeping very sore.
Till tears of blood were sprinkled,
Upon the robe she wore.
And still her gaze kept seeking,
That distant close shut door.

6.

And while she wandered sadly,
And thought upon her dole.
She saw the Blessed Virgin,
Who gazed upon her soul.
And asked in accents tender,
„Poor soul what is thy dole?

7.

Alas, alas, she answered,
My sins are very great.
I cannot enter Heaven,
My soul in Hell must wait.
Alas, alas, dear Mother,
Have pity on my fate.“

8.

The Blessed Virgin answered,
„I can do nought but pray.
Come with me erring daughter,
Upon this narrow way.
And when we come to Heaven
I for thy soul will pray.

9.

With trembling fear and anguish —
With many, many tears.
The poor soul stood and waited,
And struggled with her fears.
While the loud knock resounded
And thundered in her ears.

10.

Our lord said to St. Peter,
„Go see who knocketh so?“
„My Lord it is your Mother,
With a lost soul from woe.“
Then let my mother enter,
But the sinful soul must go.“

11.

„Not so, not so, beloved,
My son I pray thee hear.
Have mercy I beseech thee,
Upon this soul in fear.
And turn her bitter anguish,
To songs of praise, just here.“

12.

„Right gladly would I hear thee,
O blessed Mother mine.
But in my Fathers mansions,
That sinful soul would pine.
„What good work has she finished,
Meet for this home divine?

13.

„Alas, alas, I sinful,
Have walked in my own light.
The world and all its pleasures,
They were my sole delight.
Alas, I am most sinful,
Most sinful, in my sight.“

14.

„But say some good work surely,
Some fasts you must have kept?“
The Blessed Mother questioned,
The sinful soul that wept.
„Some sins you must have thought of
And prayed for ere you slept?“

15.

„Alas, alas, I sinful,
Have nothing I can show,
Except I some times tended,
The sick ones in their woe,
And gave a little water,
To those down stricken low.“

16.

„Oh great then was the beauty,
That shown in Our Lords face.
Give me thy hand redeemed one,
Your sins they are effaced.
Come in, come in, redeemed one,
Thou too, hast won the race.“

17.

And by the hand He took her,
And led her to the throne,
„This one He said did drink me,
And tend me when alone.
This act O Holy Father
For all her sins atone.“

„THE DEVILS BRIDE“

A BOHEMIAN BALLAD.

1.

There was a virtuous lady,
Who had daughters three to marry.
With two of them she went to Church,
For the third she did not tarry.
The girl langhed loud, and dressed her hair,
For she had a mind to marry.

2.

She thought in our little garden,
These are plenty of roses fair,
I will make them into a wreath,
A beautiful wreath I will wear.
Said a tall young man passing by,
„Maid give me the wreath from your hair?„

3.

„The wreaths not for you, tall young man,
I wait for a nobler then you.“
And she wandered amidst the flowers,
The roses of many hue.
Said a bold young man passing by,
Maid give me the wreath from your hair.“

4.

„The wreaths not for you, bold young man,
I wait for a nobler then you.“
And she smiled a wicked wee smile,
A smile that to her was not new.
Said a dark young man rideing by,
„Maid give me the wreath from your hair.“

5.

„I'll give you the wreath from my hair,
For a nobler, I will not wait.“
Then the dark young man stopped his steed,
And the vain girl mounted elate.
While he whispered low in her ears,
„I'll take thee to paradise straight.“

6.

And away they rode through the town,
Till they came to an awful way.
There were stunted and blasted trees,
There were snakes there ready to slay.
And there many a poison herb,
Grew, that hid from the light of day.

7.

And far away in the distance,
The vain girl saw the flames of hell,
That leaped with their tongues of fire,
Gainst the sky they hated so well,
And there steed rushed on like the wind,
And soon they were standing in hell.

8.

„Open my comrades, my black ones,
I have brought you a vain young girl.“
The door flew open, and devils,
Yea, hundreds flew out with a whirl,
And they danced, and capered with glee,
And they laughed, at the vain young girl.

9.

„Where are your manners you devils?“
„Bring the lady a glass of wine.“
Then one of the devils ran quick,
And soon brought her a goblet fine.
„Drink, thou vainest of maidens drink,
The health of our prince in this wine.“

10.

She drank of that wine and turned pale.

She drank, and flames rushed from her lips.

„O prince of this country she said

O moisten with water my lips.“

The devils laughed loud at her call,

„They said take long droughts, make no sips.“

11.

„Let me breath air but a moment —

A moment in pity I pray.“

But the devils laughing replied,

„That is easy enough to say.

Had you but lived a better life,

You would not have been here to day.“

12.

The girl wept aloud in despair,

„My soul I have lost now for aye.

O would I could tell my mother,

To teach my poor sisters to pray.

O would, I could go to the earth,

I would turn them from sin away.“

13.

„Cease from thy fretting and worning,

There are plenty to teach the way.

If thy sisters choose to listen,

They can also learn how to pray.

You chose to do ill in your life,

And your soul is lost now for aye“

„THE LOVER BY THE GRAVE“

A BOHEMIAN BALLAD.

1.

Passing through the somber forest,
Maidens two I saw.
„Tell me maidens, tell me fair ones,
That I hold in awe.
Is my loved one midst your number,
Making hay, or doth she slumber?“

2.

„Ah alas, your loved one slumbers,
Deep within the grave.
Yesterday we laid her lowly,
Where the grasses wave.“
„Dead! My loved one. O tell me where,
Lies my loved one, without compare?“

3.

„Tis a fair way that they took her,
Winding up the hill.
Wher the youths trod there are pebbles,
You can see them still.
Where the maidens trod are roses,
There she lies in deaths encloses.“

4.

„Tell me maidens where she sleepeth,
Whom I loved so well?“
„Not far from the gate way lover,
By the graveyard cell.
Twice I wandered round Gods acre,
Praying sore unto my Maker.“

5.

Weeping midst the graves I sought her,
Who had been my bride.
But her lowly grave I found not,
Though I wept and sighed.

„Who disturbs our peacefull sleeping?“
Said a voice, as I stood weeping.

6.

„O beloved one, break thy slumber.
Come from out thy grave.
Three years I have yearned to see thee —
And I find thy grave!“
„But my heart is cold within me,
I am dead, and cannot love thee.“

7.

„Look around and find a shovel,
Make me free from earth.
Take me home then, my beloved one,
Midst the bridal mirth.“
I dug deep, I found my loved one,
Cold and pale, I found my loved one.

8.

In her wedding dress I saw her,
With the myrtle wreath.
But her eyes were closed in slumber,
She had drank of lethe.
„Take the ring off from my finger,
Wherefor lover dost there linger?“

9.

Throw the ring into the river,
It will bring thee peace.
Leave me then in peaceful sleeping,
Let thy sorrow cease.
For my heart is cold within me,
I am dead and cannot love thee.“

10.

„O ring ye Church bells far and wide,
That my bride is dead.
Then ring ye Church bells, long and loud,
That my heart is dead.
O lay me in the selfsame grave,
With her whom, I had died to save.“

„THE WIZARD“

A BOHEMIAN LEGEND.

1.

Through the dark and lonely forest,
Sparingly the sunlight fell.
Round the forests, rocky mountains,
Where the eagles brood doth dwell.
By a little stream of water,
In a cave amidst the rocks,
Dwelt the wizard of Podjokly
Old and hent with snowy locks.

2.

Far and wide they came to see him,
Asking help, and begging aid.
And t'was said he could do wonders —
But he must be richly paid.
When the shades of evening gather,
Like a dark cloud in the sky.
Once their came a muffled figure,
Hid from every prying eye.

3.

„Wizard can your magic tell me,
What his fate was who wore this?“
„Name your price, but tell me truly,
Is your knowledge up to this?“
In his hand he placed a locket,
With a curl of golden hair.
„Name your price — but tell me truly,
Where is he who owned this hair?“

4.

Then the wizard lit his fire —
Took his book, and drew his spell.
Then he said „The youths voice whispers,
From the ground, where he doth dwell.
Listen — do you hear the whisper —
He was killed by murder foul!

And his murderer hid his body,
Near a cave where foxes howl."

5.

"Wizard can you say who killed him —
He who was my lord on earth?"
Name your price, but tell me truly,
Does he still live on the earth —
Then the wizard rose up stately,
And said slow "Accursed one!"
Do you doubt my magies power —
You are that accursed one!"

6.

Yes you killed your stripling nephew,
To inherit his broad land.
And you came here, but to question,
If detection is at hand.
Do you think to cheat a wizard,
As you cheated that poor lad.
Yes detection doggs your foot steps,
You shall see the murdered lad."

7.

"Never from this forests shadow,
Shall you wander out again.
Even now they find his body,
With your dagger he was slain.
At these words the muffled stranger,
With a shriek, rushed to the door.
But he fell back, swooning, fainting,
At the burden that they bore.

8.

Half devoured by the foxes,
Lay, the lord of vast estate.
On his knees a raving madman,
Laughed his uncle o'er his fate.
Through the dark and somber forest,
Home they bore the murdered youth.
But his uncle left that forest,
Never more on earth forsooth.

THE BOHEMIAN MOTHERS TALE.

1.

He was not like the other boys,
Who only cared for noisy plays.
He used to throw away his toys,
And lie there dreaming half his days.
He was an idle lad,
Who would not learn at school;
But I c'ant say that he was bad,
Beyond the rule.

2.

He was not strong enough to work,
To do the drudgery of the farm.
His fathers words they seemed to hurt,
Though, heaven knows he meant no harm.
The boy would flush with pain,
At every angry tone.
I've often watched him through the lane,
Walk off alone.

3.

A boy like that can never live,
And thrive, in such a home as ours.
I there fore thought tis best to give,
A boy like that to higher powers.
Within the convent gate,
I led my wayward son.
Right thank ful was I, and elate,
When it was done.

4.

The convent was upon a hill,
 You could see far, on either side.
The brothers had some fields to till,
 And they had forests far and wide.
 They taught my son to serve,
 And also how to pray.
I watched him often with the heard,
 Pass by that way.

5.

One day there came an artist great;
 He was to paint the convent church.
Alas, it was my poor boys fate,
 To wait upon him in the church.
 He handed him his paint,
 And did I know not what.
It smelt so bad, I felt quite faint,
 And rued his lot.

6.

Yes I must say he painted well,
 The saints, alone would bring him fame.
My boy had something new to tell,
 And show me, every time I came.
 Oh give me peace I said,
 Such things are not for you.
Go lead the life that you have led,
 In that be true.

7.

He answered nothing but I saw,
 He thought the more, though he was still.
I mocked him that he wished to draw,
 And told him then his fathers will.
 That he should learn a trade,
 Thereby to win his bread;
Since he for hard work was not made,
 Every one said.

8.

That night he kissed me when I went,
He begged my blessing on his head.
He said that he had never meant,
To grieve me by the words he said.
And I was glad to hear,
Such words from him at last,
For I had always had a fear,
His dream would last.

9.

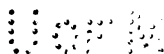
To make a long, long, story short,
My boy fled from his convent cell.
But he was one of the right sort,
And learned to draw both quick and well.
He made himself a way,
Far off in the great town.
He slept indeed I heard them say,
On eider down.

10.

I often wondered that my lad,
Lived in such wealth, and sent me nought.
His father said that he was bad,
Twas only for himself he wrought,
And so years passed away,
My poor eyes they grew dim.
At length there came a knock one day,
And it was him.

11.

My God! and was that then my son,
That skelaton, that scarce could walk.
One saw at once his life was done,
He hardly had the strength to talk.
We bore him to his bed,
And I sat by his side,
And every word was kind we said,
Until he died.



12.

It seemed that it was all a lie,
About that wealth they said he had.
He lived up in a garret high,
And starved himself to death my lad.
„He won the prize you say.
The greatest prize they give.“
What care I for the words they say,
Or things they give.

13.

Not long ago they came to look,
Upon the house where he was born.
On all the things that he forsook,
To go and lead that life forlorn.
One said „He asked for aid,
And I refused him then.“
Another said „Would I had staid,
Up in his den.“

14.

They told me that my boy was great, —
I could be proud of such a son.
And they lamented much his fate,
And sorrowed that his life was done.
And wherefor did he die?
Alas you know too well.
Neglect and want, the reason why,
Tis sad to tell.

15.

No hand was stretched to help my boy,
What care I what stands o'er his grave.
Your monuments, bring me no joy,
Nor can they now my poor boy save.
Amidst the angel band,
Beyond the troubled sea.
My wayward youngest born now stands,
And waits for me.

"THREE AGES IN BOHEMIA."

PART FIRST.

1.

There was an age when the Bohemian land,
Was known and honoured through the wide world's length,
For mighty warriors, and heroic men,
Her name was honoured, bravery was her strength.

2.

There was an age, when every one was proud,
To call himself a son of that fair land,
Where every art was known, and learning prized,
And praise was given to the skilful hand.

3.

There was an age, when the Bohemian tongue,
Was spoken from the throne in accents clear.
Divinest harmony, their native speech,
In palace homes, was spoken far and near.

4.

That time, Bohemian men were proud to say,
They were Bohemians, sons of that fair land,
Where the dread lion, was their coat-of-arms,
And wealth, and plenty, smiled upon the land.

PART SECOND.

1.

Then the times changed, misfortune came apace,
And they forgot, that which they once had been.
Indifference, lethargy, upon them crept,
They thought no more, they lived as in a dream.

2.

Bohemian hearts grew cold, their native land,
They loved no more, forgotten was their pride --
Forgotten were the deeds, their fathers did --
They were not worthy to sleep by their side.

3.

Then they denied their land, their blood, their speech --
Their fathers cherished things, from them they cast.
And took upon them foreign ways, and speech,
Forgetting their lands brothers of the past.

4.

Then the Bohemian sun grew dark and dim,
And its good Genius, stood and wept afar.
Their poets praised no more their native land,
There Muse was dead, had fled afar, afar.

5.

What thoughts were his, who stood and saw all this?
Remembering the great past, and mighty dead?
He who's heart beat but for his native land --
To see her lying there before him dead.

PART THIRD.

1.

But Hark! Arise! The angel of the Lord,
Sounds from his trumpet „Come from out thy grave
Arise! awake! and from thy every Church,
Let national songs be sung thy land to save.“

2.

Thus spake the angel, and the love of land,
Woke up a thousand shades from out their graves,
The dying heard it, and awoke again,
Praising the Lord, that they no more were slaves.

3.

The spirit of their fathers came again,
Imbueing with new life their torpid hearts.
Gladly they heard the call, awake, arise,
Sing praises in your Churches, and your marts.

4.

Awake! arise! all ye that slumber still!
The day is dawning — see the light breaks through.
The nightingales are singing — wherefor sleep?
Shame to the sluggards — let them be but few.

5.

O brothers, live again but for your land —
Be ye not dead, unto her urgent need.
O be ye brothers, be ye sons again,
Unto your native land, in her great need.

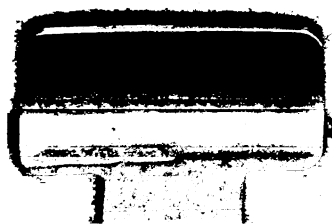
6.

Reverence your laws, your customs, and your rights,
Show in your lives you are Bohemians true.
Then shall our land once more be known to fame,
As in the ancient times, when ye were true.

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